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the sensual mind; "The Niobids" is a poem dealing with the downfall of those proud souls who think to rival with their earthly gifts the very goddess herself; and in the third poem, "Latmos," we have the unending pursuit, the unsatisfied desire.

Hymnia, repenting of her kindness to a boy, realizes that:

"All alone
Her way must be, until in mortal man
That grace of God be given to look upon
Beauty for what it is, not what it can
Give unto us for sop to batten on."

And the poem ends:

"But let him write
Who knows her best; thus only goes his prayer
That she withdraw not from him; but still spare
Some little hint of beauty deep and calm
To cool his fever. He has no further care
What other fortune fall him, so the psalm
Incarnate in her, shrill as mountain air,

"Fan her young breath upon him as she flits
Across him, looking downward where he sits;
Or with grave beckoning in her solemn eyes
Bid him to follow her oft; as befits
Attendant on her."

Of the lesser poems there is less to say. "Preparation" opens with the splendid line, "I arise to anoint my soul," and a shock is given one by the sudden downfall of the second line,

"With the unction of her sweet breath."

"To Crocuses" is full of spring and youth and young delight. Everywhere are faithful imagery and haunting lines, none more exquisite than these:

"Below him as he lay, the muffled sheep
Like tombs adown the hillside seemed to creep."

The book is one students and lovers of poetry dare not miss.

"One more unfortunate," one exclaims when one reads the tragic little foreword to these poems* in which John Davidson says

* "Fleet Street and Other Poems." By John Davidson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1909.

farewell to the world and explains that he could not live on his pension, that he had borne asthma and other annoyances for years, only to find that he had now to bear cancer. So with plans still halting and achieving in mid-air, he took his own life. It is not in the rough-and-ready economy of this world to nurse genius. The survival of the fittest is its method, and that means that who can hew down surrounding growth and clear a space may stand. Apparently John Davidson could not accomplish this. He desired to make things which the world did not want and would not pay for. The world was not all unkind to him; it gave him a little pension, but it would not buy his wares. Doubtless the world would be a lovelier planet if it bought more poetry and less meat; if it applauded spiritual aspirations and noble insight and turned its back on cunning, greed and power. But the world is so big and poets are so little, who shall constrain it? They must even consent to serve beauty and truth without reward. John Davidson has the strength of revolt against an evil order in all his poems. To those who neglected his development since his first three volumes until the last one the notable points are the increase of minute observation; the intent, strained attention to microscopic detail; the unrelieved self-consciousness, the mind turning trebly in upon itself and over-intent to every step of its operations. The handling of words is remarkable and the descriptions are exact to the point of eloquence; it is truth hounded and tracked until it shrieks its name.

No man living to-day speaks of poetry with more authoritative voice than Robert Bridges,* and so this volume bearing his introduction and his seal is to be reverently handled by students of poetry. The Memoir and Introduction is all one could ask, reverent, interpretative, self-effacing.

The Poems themselves, barring the wonderfully pictorial "St. Mary Magdalene," are frankly difficult and have no word at all for the facile reader. Profound and philosophic thought clothed always in austere garmenting, indeed sometimes by almost impenetrable veils, is what is offered. To those who persevere de-

* "Selected Poems of Richard Watson Dixon with a Memoir." By Robert Bridges. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1909.